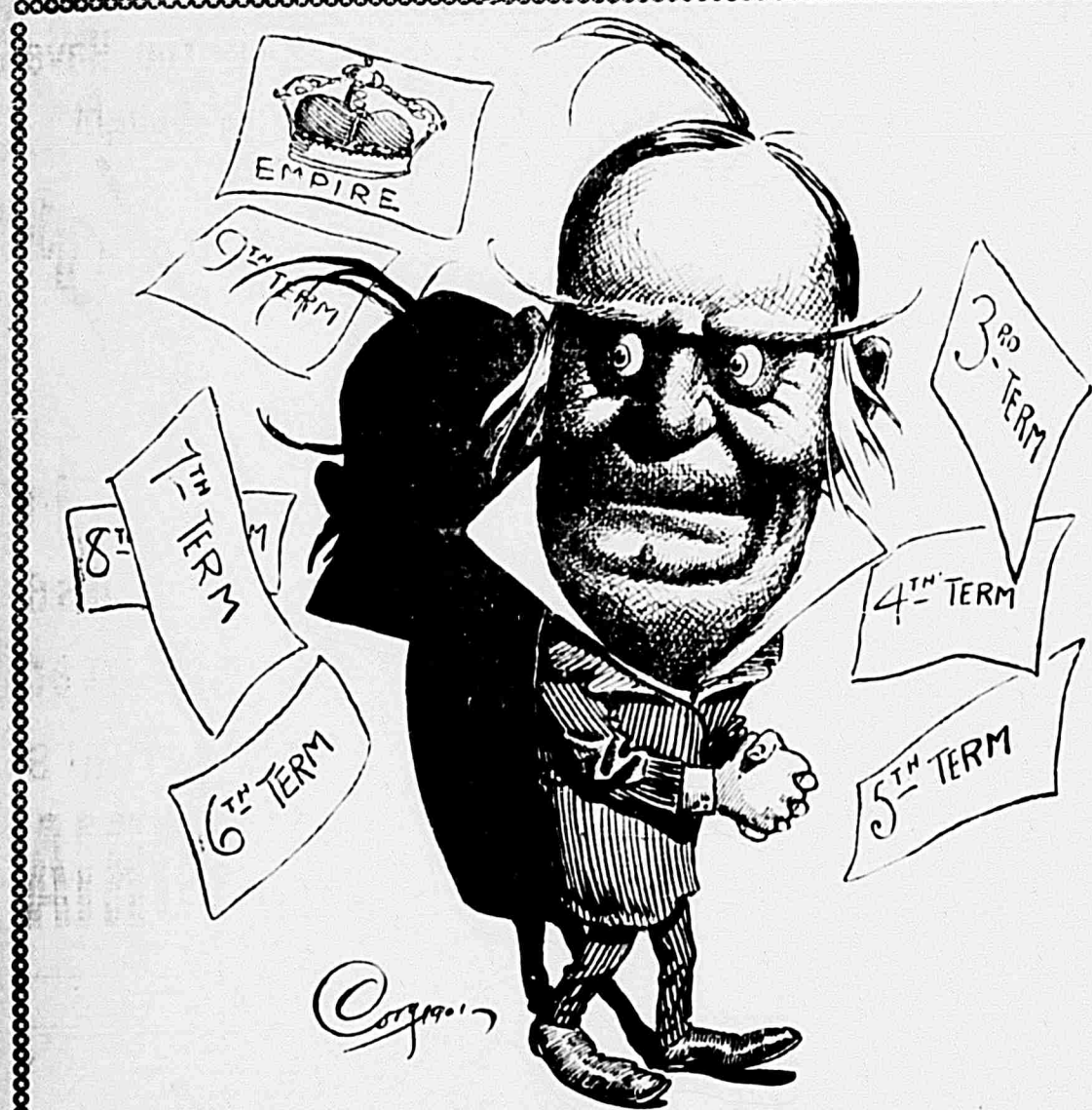


CORY'S TIMELY CARTOON.
SEEN THINGS.

Don't be alarmed, Willie; you're only dreaming.

A WOMAN PREACHES ON OMAR KHAYYAM.

ATTIRED in cap and gown, and with becoming modesty and dignity, the wife of the Rev. Dr. J. C. Lee filled his place in the pulpit of the Universalist Church of the Restoration, Philadelphia, last Sunday evening. She conducted the entire services and made an address on Omar Khayyam. She said:

"This poem of Omar Khayyam is not long; there were 500 verses or quatrains of four lines each in the original Persian, which in Fitz-Gerald's translation have been condensed to seventy-five. Fitz-Gerald changed an verse or two of this poem in a grammar."

Omar Khayyam and Fitz-Gerald were widely different men, as we guess rather than know. We are indebted to Nizam ul Yulk, a fellow-pupil of Omar, for almost all we know of him. The two, together with another lad, studied with Imam Yawafak, a noted

teacher, repeating the lessons to each other after he had gone. Whether there is a suggestion for modern educators in this class of three, in far-away Persia, in a court, shut in from the bustling bustle of the crowded street, who can doubt? Afterward the influence of Nizam ul Yulk permitted Omar to enjoy a position giving a ray literary existence, drinking Eastern draughts of life and thought.

Fitz-Gerald lived a quiet, scholarly life in Suffolk, England. He had few wants, which he wisely

"How does it happen that this poem has leaped into popular favor? Must it be you, no matter what your mood, and no longer hurried. The very rhythm is slow. Our life goes fast. We speak through our teeth into our clothes, catch a life of breakfast, run for the car, work like a volcano until noon, back again and at it until night. Is it any wonder that the modern world has

turned, full face, toward this poet of rest?

"There are two points in the poem which are oftenest criticised, the constant mention of wine and the doubting spirit. There are some critics who make wine mean the Wine of the Love of God, and in some places it may mean that. In others, I am afraid, it is intended to read without any mystical meaning. Drinking was common in Persia, which was a pity. His doubt is that of a man who would gladly believe, and yet who cannot fully comprehend and trust."

"The open philosophy of the utter disappearance of things was beautifully expressed a few years ago, when a rose tree, grown in Kew gardens from the seed of a rose blossoming over Omar's grave, was planted at the head of the rose granite slab that marks Fitz-Gerald's last resting place."

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER ANSWERS THE QUESTIONS OF BEAUTY SEEKERS.

A Case for a Physician.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: Will you kindly give a remedy for nervous indigestion? After eating, more particularly the evening meal, my face will flush very perceptibly and turn, and of late a little rash has appeared on the lower part of my face. It is for this reason I have thought it indigestion. Besides, I am very nervous. Is nuxvomica a remedy? A. A. C.

I THINK you should consult with a physician for nervous indigestion. Nuxvomica is a remedy, but only a doctor should prescribe the dose.

Glycyrrhine will sometimes effect a marvelous cure in gastric troubles. This is a proprietary article which is used in all the hospitals and which you can get at any of the druggists.



HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

THE WAY.

THE pathway to the Land of Life Passes the threshold of my door. It turns down yonder narrow street. It winds beside the house of sin. Under its pines where watchers wait. Who strives too swiftly on that road Reaches the end too late. Hedged by the dwellings of life But he who pauses, turning back For deed of love, for word of cheer, Faithful, unshaking, unafraid, Nor wondering if the end be near— Lo! where the shadow blackest falls, While yet he seems midmost the strife, Enters through the uplifted gates Into the Land of Life. —George Lynde Richardson.

This simple lotion may give you temporary relief. Formula for Glycerine and Lemon Lotion: Citric acid, 2 drams; hot water, powdered borax, 2 drams; red rose petals, 1 ounce; glycerine, 1 ounce. Dissolve the citric acid and borax in the water, then add the rose petals. Let stand for two hours, strain through a jelly bag and let stand for two days. After which pour off the clear portion and add the glycerine, and it is ready for use.

H. W. Fossatt Cream.

Some time ago you gave a formula for a cream for pimples. Would you kindly say what it was? It has done wonders for me. A. G. N.

I HAVE many letters from Evening World correspondents who have been cured of pimples by using the Fossatt Cream. It does not, however, agree with all skins and should be used exactly as advised.

Fossatt Cream: Lanoline, 5 grams; sweet almond oil, 5 grams; sulphur, precipitated, 5 grams; white of egg, 25 grams; clove extract, 5 drops. Place the sulphur and zinc first in the mortar, then add the almond oil, a little at a time, until a smooth paste is formed.

VERY DISASTROUS.



EVERY LETTER AN EDITORIAL--THE EVENING WORLD'S BIG LETTER CLUB COMMENTS ON THE NEWS.

A Dream That Is Too Big for Him. The Editor of the Evening World.

President Hadley, of Yale University, must have the fatheads. He sees an emperor enthroned at Washington within twenty-five years. What sort of Bryan pill is he eating? They must be too strong for his digestion to bring out such gorgeous nightmares as this. I wonder what difference it makes to the American people who is President. The Presidency is simply a clerical job and the holder of it has to do as his employers, the people, tell him, or go. The people have hired McKinley over, so he must be the man to do as they please. ONE OF THE MEN BEHIND MACK.

A Strange Philosophy.

The Editor of the Evening World: I am not a crank nor am I a tough. Yet I fail to see what right the police have to close gambling-houses. Drink may lead a man to crime as may other

forms of dissipation. But a gambler is merely a victim of his passions. He has his gambling habits because he is himself, and does not harm him except inasmuch as he may lose control of himself, which he might do in any lawful manly enterprise. Let the police look to the security of our streets. But let them not bother the poor fool whose only sin is that he spends his own money in pleasures.

BETHE M. LARRIMORE

Promise of More Poor Housebills. To the Editor of the Evening World.

I notice that there is a desperate attempt to renege the same "promise" that played such exorable ball last season. Cannot some good players be secured to represent New York City on the baseball field? What is the use of having any club at all if it is to be

the same old aggregation of fumbler and air-batters that made us so sick last season? BURLACHERS.

A. H. H. T. Groom Again.

To the Editor of the Evening World: It is disgusting the way women have to travel in crowded cars on the H. T. G. There are all kinds of disease germs. One coughs in your face, then another with grip sneezes in your face. Turn as one may one gets the full benefit of all germs. No wonder there is so much sickness in our homes. We need more cars and they should run oftener. A BROOKLYN WOMAN.

Diamonds and Paste.

To the Editor of the Evening World: An Illinois pastor has been accused of embezzling. And forthwith a thousand idiots will raise their voices in the shout: "Let that religion I want none of it!" Let these fools stop to think

that if the cause were not just there would be no hypocrites. The very fact that there is this alleged delinquency of such men as this alleged delinquent proves the cause they betray to be a good one. For if there were no real diamonds there would be no paste gems. Because a man is a scoundrel is that a sign that his parents and brethren are all the same? The scoundrel view a horde of people take whenever a play makes Jack a bull boy. Is perfectly true, and that all play and no work has the same effect is equally correct. It is the wise adjustment of the proportion of each that makes for health.

Brooklyn Clergyman.

Cheers for the Irish Nationalists. To the Editor of the Evening World: I see that there is a row in the House of Parliament of the six hundred and six. It almost tickled me to death to have the dormant spirit of the indomitable freedom-loving Irish once again aroused against the murderous, cruel English tyrants who are waging a war of plunder and extermination

against the South African Boers. Shout back across the ocean ten thousand cheers to the Irish members who defied the British out-throat! S. G. LA HOFF, Keyport, N. J.

The Case of Admiral Sampson.

To the Editor of the Evening World: Politeness or politeness is the thing of Sampson had in mind when speaking of retirement. A sufficient quantity of that veneer or polish is easily acquired by any one at any time. One of the most refined men I ever met was a colored man, reared among the very poor. On the other hand, we can all recall men who continued coarse and low, though born in high station and surrounded by refined influences from earliest childhood.

Even were it true that men from the ranks could not acquire sufficient polish, the fact that they have generally passed

the nerve test should count as 100 to 1, against consideration of polish. In the army and navy nerve is the thing of paramount importance, and is not, although it should be, tested in naval or military academies. Among 100 students in a naval academy, a certain number, say ten, are born duffers. All of these will in time be ship commanders. If they live, and some of them will get command of fleets. In the day of trial nature will assert itself, for the sailor will always be a rabbit, and the timid man will lose at least partial control of his faculties, make wrong moves, neglect openings and surrender while the fight is still even.

The Girl That Strikes.

To the Editor of the Evening World: The girl strikers at Paterson are again to the fore. Of all strikes on earth that of women is always the most virulent. Whatever women take up they take up with the will and the rush of fanatics, witness the French revolution. Who

was its wildest fiend? Women. Who, out against its foe? Women. When they get to vote you will find the same virulence, the same fanaticism. They say a dove when aroused fights like a hawk. So women when they lose their gentler nature become fiercer and far outstrip men along that line. ARTHUR PATYNE BELSTONE.

To Avert Water Famine.

To the Editor of the Evening World: Compelling the property-owners to put in water meters would be the means of saving a great amount of water. Owners are often (particularly in Brooklyn) interested in the tenants to leave the water running to prevent freezing. You would be surprised to find how many pipes are leading continually. I would like to hear sanitary engineers' views in this matter. J. F.

Another Name for Cup Defender.

To the Editor of the Evening World: I suggest using the name of "Monitor" for the new cup defender. It is a name

dear to the heart of every true American who would like to see the foreign yacht given a good beating. It is new, forty years ago since the queer-looking craft the Monitor, built by another great naval genius, Ericsson, was launched and sneered at by every one. Let us do all we can to keep up the memory of the original Monitor by naming Herreshoff's latest marvel "The Monitor." There are seven letters in the name (suggestive of good luck). CONSTANT.

A Western Man's Opinion.

To the Editor of the Evening World: As a stranger in your city and as a Western man I desire to say a word to employers. That the Eastern people are courteous and polite I gladly admit. In this respect they outdo their busy Western brethren. But for a man in need of employment, be he in what station of life he may, the chance of obtaining such is made as difficult as possible here in the East. The words "reference required" shut out many a good man if he is a stranger in town. ARTHUR.

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THE NEW YORK FIREMAN—
A STUDY AND AN APPRECIATION

Every year four medals are awarded to four New York firemen for conspicuous bravery in the line of duty during the previous twelve months.

They are the Victoria Crosses of a service that is one of the most hazardous in which men engage for a livelihood—as hazardous as that of the army or navy, with which it may profitably compare in personnel, because its members come from the same walks of life.

Can you name any one of the firemen who won these decorations of valor last year?

You remember Hobson's name as well as if it were your own, and you recall Cushing's undying deed with the Albermarle. But do you remember the hero of the Windsor fire who won the Bennett medal?

It is only two years this St. Patrick's day since that most inexplicable of fires shocked the city and the nation.

There William Clark, assistant foreman, at great personal risk, rescued three ladies from the awful death that came to their friends, and it is hardly a year since the medal so nobly won was bestowed on him, but did you remember his name before you saw it here in this paragraph?

Or do you recall the name of Andrew Fitzgerald, who won the Bonner medal that same year, or the name of John Fredenberg, who won the Warren-Trenor medal, or the name of Thomas Larkin, who won the Stevenson medal?

With these few preliminary rhetorical questions asked and left unanswered, let us consider for a moment dispassionately the merits of the fireman. He is always a timely subject

for remark, but especially so now because of the general sentiment in favor of the bill at Albany to shorten his exacting hours of duty—the "two-platoon bill" as it is called, because of its division of the day into more rational portions and its provision for a regular "day off."

The fireman's day off heretofore has been a movable feast—a respite of irregular recurrence. The Socialist, accustomed to draw class distinctions, has noticed that the Wall street clerk, with Saturday afternoons off, Sundays, Mondays always when a holiday happens to fall on Tuesday, and all possible statutory holidays, gets a surplus of leisure amounting in the course of a year to the average wage-earner's entire vacation.

Eighty per cent. of this leisure, another phase of the unearned increment always accruing to the well-to-do, is denied the fireman, along with many other public servants, and for this the bill in question provides some little relief.

When you see a fireman climbing scaling-ladders with cat-like agility on such a stage setting as that provided by the Everett House, in the Union Square plaza, where representatives of the department go through a few motions before the bestowal of the medals, you see him in his only spectacular role, positively his only appearance in the glare of the lime-light.

When you see him in the dark hours succeeding midnight climbing into a smoke-filled warehouse through a window he has smashed with his axe, you see him doing as a matter of course, with a willingness to repeat a few hours later, the kind of work, in point of hazard of life, that was done in the sinking of the Merrimac.

This is his personal Hobson act, for which there is scant praise if he is successful and few tears if he fails.

The public looks on his courage as an abstract virtue with no personality to color it.

If you regard him only as a medium-sized man wearing a blue shirt not always freshly laundered, with suspenders that affront the eye, and a general air of personal negligence, he is not a strikingly romantic figure.

But the real man of him is one of the best types of American manhood.

"The Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are all the same under the skin." The army hero and the fire-house hero, their uniforms off, are quite the same superior article of fine American courage.

ONE WAY TO GET EXERCISE.

THE woman who has "no time for relaxation and systematic exercise" is precisely the woman who most needs to take it. Rest, exercise, diet, amusement and work are of equal importance in the vast scheme of living, if one would live sanely, that is, healthfully. The old saying, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," is perfectly true, and that all play and no work has the same effect is equally correct. It is the wise adjustment of the proportion of each that makes for health.

"I get all the exercise I need in going about my household duties," many women assert, but that is the greatest

MACKLYN ARBUCKLE
IN "UNDER TWO FLAGS."
By KATE CAREW.

SHOULD WOMAN COMPETE WITH MAN?

SHOULD women compete with man? Certainly. As well ask, Should man compete with man? As long as competition is our only recognized method of doing business.

Co-operation would be much the better plan, but we have that yet to learn. I do not see any reason why our girls should not be educated along those lines which will enable them to become self-supporting, as well as our boys, and I think it is just as essential.

The old idea that woman's mission on earth was simply to marry, and there was no necessity of fitting herself for any particular vocation, no matter how well endowed by nature for that work,

is fast becoming obsolete. Since conditions have forced woman into the industrial arena to work for her livelihood, she has been compelled to use her brains, and we are often led to wonder at the success she achieves, through her ingenuity and patient persistence.

There are many occupations for which woman is peculiarly adapted, there are others wherein her quick wit, tact and deft fingers make her an indispensable adjunct in carrying them to a successful issue. Should not these God-given talents be used to provide for her necessities, thereby enabling her to become a free and independent entity, just as much as though she were a man?

What has been the economic effect of the rivalry of the sexes?

This is a very broad question, so far-reaching in its results that it is very difficult to decide whether our best interests have been subserved thereby or not, but I am inclined to think that this rivalry is a necessity, though which we are to learn "that an injury to one is the concern of all."

It is a deplorable fact that the employment of women has caused the reduction of wages in many cases, but

just as soon as women become conscious of their value as wealth producers they must inevitably become conscious of the fact that they can no longer compete with men, they must co-operate with them, raise the standard of wages, work for better conditions, striving to undo, if possible, the wrong they have done unwittingly.

The trades in which there is no organization of the workers are the ones in which wages have been decreased most; hence the necessity of organization is very apparent even to the most careless observer.

While the struggle for a livelihood is fierce and bitter for the great majority of woman workers, I think it makes women more broad and liberal, teaches them the value of their labor, fits them for better wives and mothers because their dearly bought experience will be used to prevent their children from defeating their own best interests, as was too often the case with the parent.

Is it presumptuous to hope that woman in the near future will be man's co-operator instead of his competitor, recognizing, as she must, that in this industrial struggle their interests are identical?—Mary A. Nason, State Factory Inspector of Massachusetts.

FOR HOME DRESSMAKERS.

The Evening World's Daily Fashion Hint.

To make this house jacket in medium size 21-4 yards of material 44 inches wide will be required.



The pattern (No. 3,774, sizes 32 to 42 inch bust) will be sent for 10 cents. Send money to "Cashier, The World, Pulitzer Building, New York City."

USES FOR THE LEFT-OVER TURKEY.

Turkey Toast for Breakfast. Mince cold turkey, taking out all bits of skin, bone and fat, and to each cupful of minced turkey add two tablespoonfuls melted butter, one-half cupful of milk, two slices of onion and a pinch of grated lemon peel. Season with salt and pepper. Let it boil up once, then spread on this toast or buttered bread.

Turkey Salad for Luncheon. Cut cold turkey into dice, taking as much of the white meat as possible. If a full cupful cannot be had, take equal parts of turkey and celery. Mix the ingredients together and add a light sprinkling

of salt and a little lemon juice. When ready to serve mix with a boiled salad dressing or a mayonnaise.

Rub one cupful of cold turkey through a coarse sieve and mix in some fine bread crumbs. With the crumbs two well beaten egg yolks, one tablespoonful of melted butter, salt, cayenne, a little parsley, a grating of nutmeg. When well mixed add the stiffly whipped whites of the eggs and one-half cupful of cream. Bake small buttered molds. When well mixed add the stiffly-whipped whites of the eggs and one-half cupful of cream. Bake small buttered molds. When well mixed add the stiffly-whipped whites of the eggs and one-half cupful of cream. Bake small buttered molds.

POOR AUNTIE. "Yes, auntie really danced with the Prince of Wales when he was in this country. She is just dying to tell of it, but don't you dare to mention the fact."

"And why not?" "Because, alas! it was forty-one years ago, and, you know, won't own up to being a day older than forty-two!"

SATISFACTORY GUARANTY.

The capitalist reflected a moment. "You want me to lend you money to start a first-class boarding-house," he said. "Is that it, m'am?" "Yes, sir." "Ever keep a boarding-house?" "No, sir." "What reasonable hope, then, have you of succeeding in the Monitor by naming Herreshoff's latest marvel 'The Monitor.' There are seven letters in the name (suggestive of good luck). CONSTANT.

A Western Man's Opinion.

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